

SUSPENSE STORIES

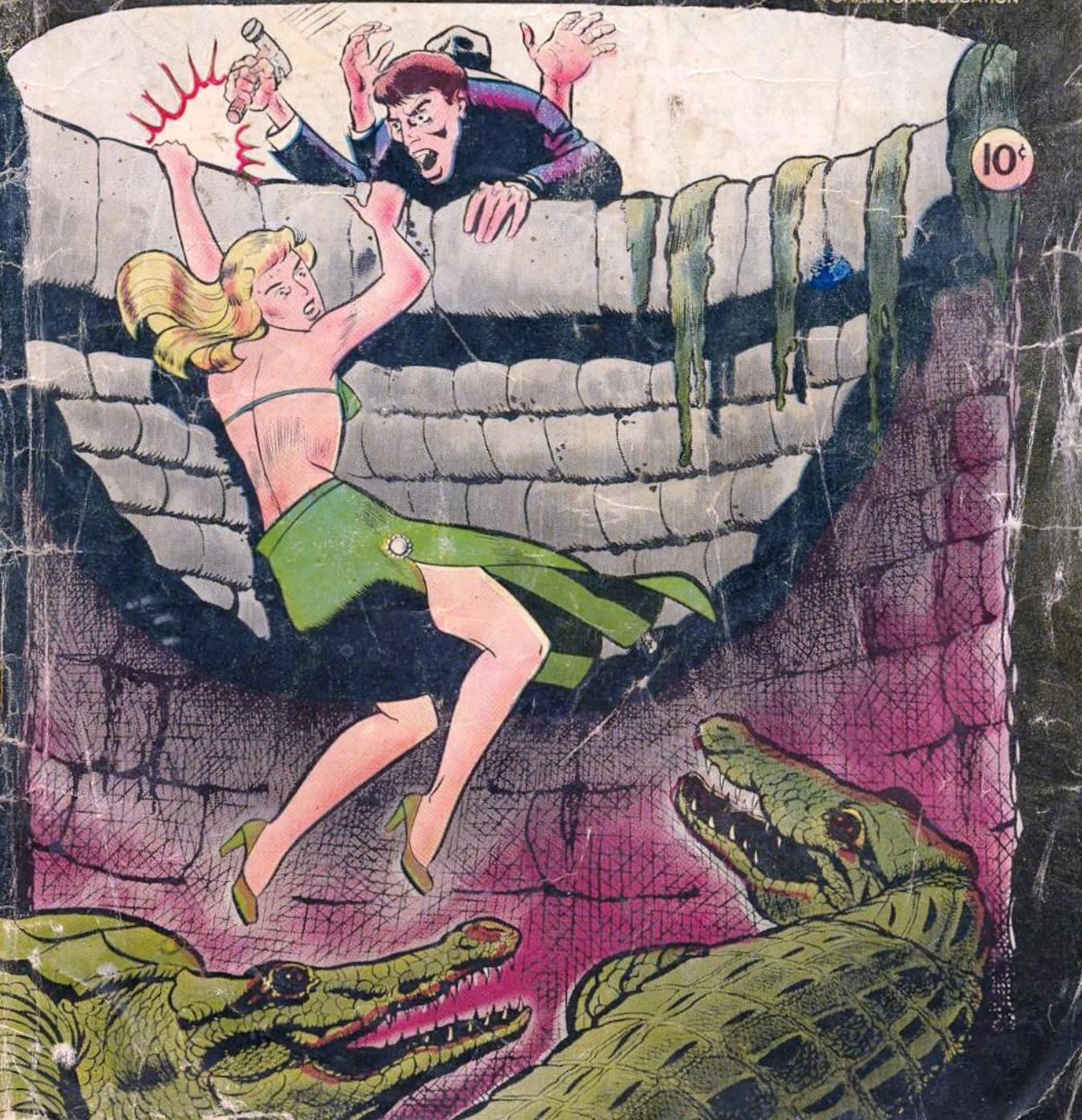
STRANGE

SUSPENSE STORIES

No 21

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS ★ E! Dig this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT ROOS AND RACING CARS ★ ZOO FUNNIES ★ LASH LAZUE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS ★ THE THING ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE.

WHO WILL HE BE ?

GO AHEAD...**(GASP)**...KILL ME AS YOU HAVE KILLED ALL THE OTHERS WHO PLOTTED AGAINST YOU! BUT KNOW THIS...THE DAYS OF A **TYRANT** ARE NUMBERED! TOO LONG HAVE YOU OPPRESSED THE PEOPLE! SOON--

I AM AMUSED. I AM VASTLY AMUSED ...



WHO WILL EVER BE ABLE TO CAUSE MY DEATH? I AM SO WELL GUARDED THAT HE WILL HAVE TO BE SMALLER THAN THE NAIL ON A MAN'S THUMB, AND HAVE WINGS FOR SWIFTNESS! WHO WILL HE BE...?



I KNOW HIM NOT! BUT SUCH A ONE MUST EXIST! **FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE, HE MUST!**

YOU ARE WRONG! AND SINCE YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE, THERE WILL BE NO HARM TO TELL YOU **WHY** YOU ARE WRONG ...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

I ADMIT I AM A TYRANT! IT IS MY PLEASURE TO RULE HARSHLY... BUT I AM A TYRANT WITH BRAINS. A TYRANT WHO REALIZES THAT EVERY MOMENT OF THE DAY, **NEW PLOTS** ARE BEING HATCHED AGAINST MY LIFE! SO I HAVE TAKEN SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS...



"OURS IS A SMALL COUNTRY ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF AFRICA, BOUNDED ON ONE SIDE BY TOWERING MOUNTAINS, ON THE OTHER BY THE CRASHING SEA. THE POPULATION IS NOT VAST, MY SECRET POLICE HAVE COMPLETE DOSSIERS ON **EVERYONE**. ALL KNOWN AGITATORS ARE UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE..."



"AT REGULAR INTERVALS, ALL PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD ANY SOCIAL INTER-COURSE WHATSOEVER WITH ANY KNOWN AGITATORS, ARE PLUCKED OFF THE STREETS..."

W-WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THAT IS WHAT WE AIM TO FIND OUT!



...AND DRAGGED TO THE PALACE DUNGEONS WHERE THEY ARE CRAMMED INTO CELLS SO SMALL THAT FOR THE THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS THEY SPEND THERE **BEFORE INTERROGATION**, NOT ONE OF THEM HAS ROOM TO LIE DOWN TO SLEEP!"



SINCE I AM A TYRANT, I NEED NO WARRANTS TO ARREST THE CURS. AND THERE ARE NO LAWS TO PREVENT ME FROM USING **MY SPECIAL MEANS OF INTERROGATION!** SO NATURALLY, THE GUILTY ONES CONFESS--AND THEIR LEADERS, **LIKE YOURSELF**, ARE IMMEDIATELY APPREHENDED AND PUT TO DEATH!



B-BUT **HOW** DO YOU INTERROGATE THEM? MY FELLOW-PLOTTERS WERE ALL STRONG MEN, FIRM IDEALISTS CAPABLE OF RESISTING TORTURE--

HOW...? IT IS SIMPLE! SO VERY SIMPLE. **WE DEPRIVE THEM OF SLEEP!**



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

ONE BY ONE, AFTER THE THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE INTOLERABLY CROWDED CELL, THEY ARE DRAGGED TO THE **INTERROGATION CHAMBER**, WHERE THEY ARE SEATED ON A HIGH STOOL UNDER THE PITILESS GLARE OF AN UNSHADOWED BULB..."



YOUR NAME ?

ALI...(GASP)...
...FASSIN.

"HOUR AFTER HOUR, WE KEEP THEM THERE, QUESTIONING, QUESTIONING... ALWAYS QUESTIONING... NEVER LETTING THEM SLEEP!"

P-PLEASE--MY LEGS
... (SOB) ... MY BACK! IF ONLY FOR
A MINUTE I COULD...

STAY AWAKE, MY
FRIEND! THERE WILL
BE TIME FOR SLEEP
LATER. BUT FIRST, MORE
QUESTIONS...



"OUR INTERROGATORS ARE ALWAYS FRESH. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY REPLACED. THEY KEEP QUESTIONING PATIENTLY ---ALWAYS HOLDING OUT THE SIMPLE REWARD OF **SLEEP** AS PAYMENT FOR THE DESIRED INFORMATION..."

I--I CAN'T SIT UP HERE ANY
MORE! I...(SOB)...
CAN'T!

BUT ALI, WE WOULD BE ONLY
TOO HAPPY TO LET YOU LIE
DOWN...IF ONLY YOU WOULD
TELL US WHAT WE WANT
TO KNOW...



I--I'LL TELL YOU! I'LL...(SOB)
...TELL YOU! NEXT TUESDAY...
A BOMB HIDDEN IN THE
TEMPLE BEHIND THE PILLAR
NEXT TO THE ALTAR! TH--THE
LEADER OF THE PLOT IS
OMAR! NOW... (SOB)...
MAY I SLEEP??



OUR METHOD IS
AS SIMPLE AS
THAT, **OMAR!**
AND NOW THAT
YOU KNOW--



THEY'RE ALL FOOLS! THEY CAN-
NOT HARM ME! UNLESS THERE
BE ONE AMONG THEM-- **HEH-
HEH-HEH--** SMALLER THAN
THE NAIL ON A MAN'S THUMB,
AND WITH WINGS FOR SWIFT-
NESS...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

SO OMAR IS DEAD. BUT THE PEOPLE KEEP SQUIRMING RESTIVELY UNDER THE CRUEL TYRANT'S HEEL. AND, NOW A NEW PLOT IS BEING HATCHED...

I TELL YOU THIS PLAN IS FOOL-PROOF! THE TYRANT WILL DIE!

B-BUT WHAT IF ONE OF US IS PICKED UP BY THE SECRET POLICE? WHAT THEN...?



THAT IS THE CHANCE... WE WHO OPPOSE THE TYRANT... MUST TAKE!

WITH EACH PASSING DAY, THE EYES OF THE PLOTTERS GROW BRIGHTER!

EVERYTHING GOES SMOOTHLY. ONE OF OUR MEN WILL BE ASSIGNED TO THE TYRANT'S PERSONAL GUARD NEXT WEEK. HE WILL STRIKE ON THURSDAY!

BUT FATE IS CRUEL--AND A SHORT HALF-HOUR LATER---

WH-WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THAT IS WHAT WE AIM TO FIND OUT!



THEY WON'T GET A WORD OUT OF ME!... NOT A WORD!

TH-THIS CELL... SO CROWDED... C-CAN'T EVEN LIE DOWN! THREE DAYS... THREE NIGHTS... NO SLEEP!

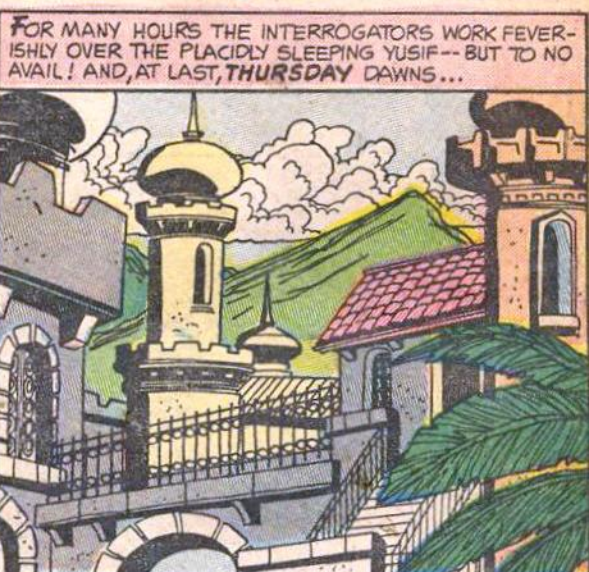
YOU! TIME FOR YOUR INTERROGATION!



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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

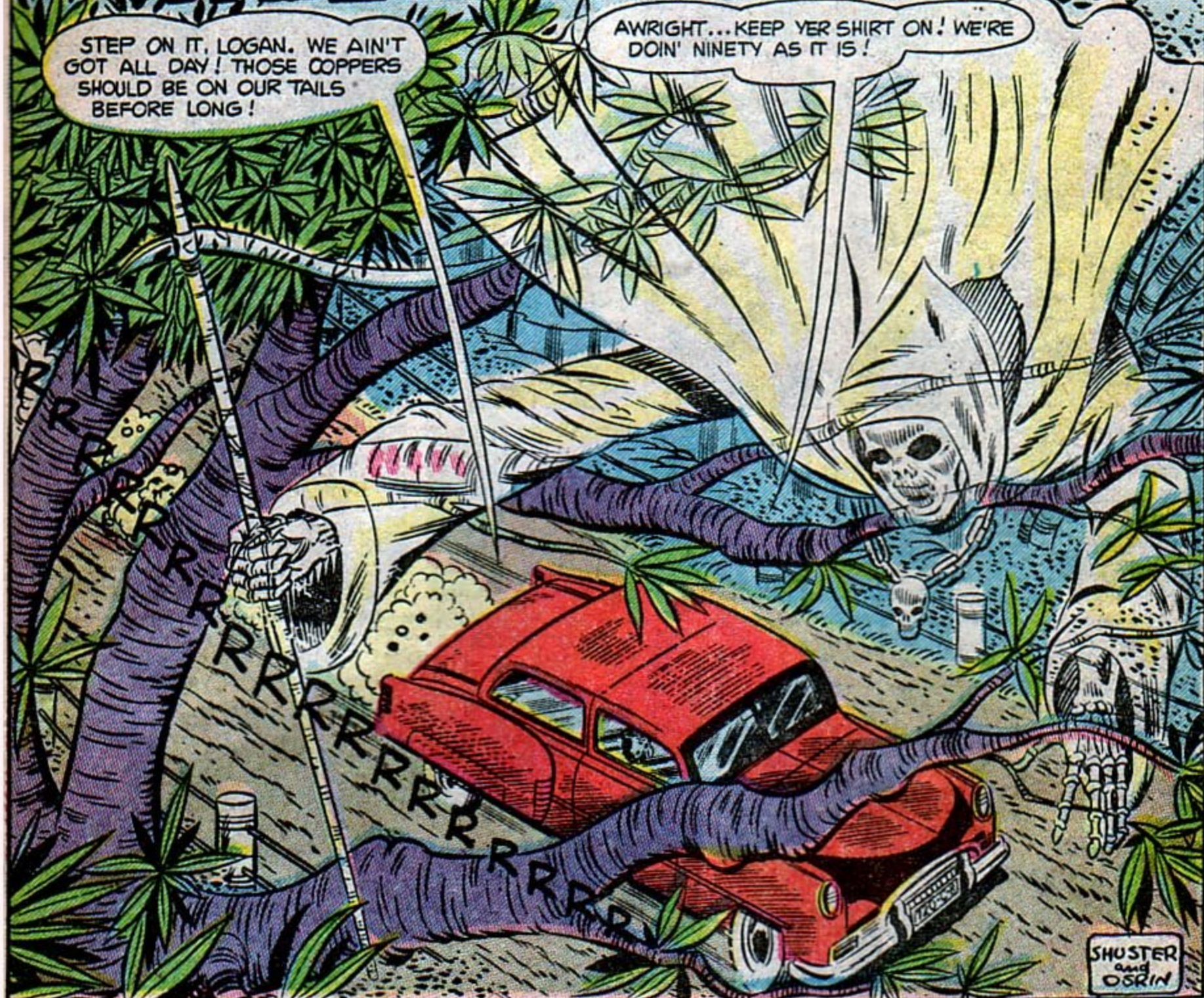


THEY WERE COLD-BLOODED KILLERS ---AND THEY HAD PULLED OFF A SUCCESSFUL BANK JOB. BOTH WOULD BE MILLIONAIRES. BOTH WOULD HAVE EVERYTHING THEY WANTED ---EXCEPT THAT FATE STEPPED IN AND LET THEM KILL THEMSELVES, IN...

THE WELL OF FEAR!

STEP ON IT, LOGAN. WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! THOSE COPPERS SHOULD BE ON OUR TAILS BEFORE LONG!

AWRIGHT...KEEP YER SHIRT ON! WE'RE DOIN' NINETY AS IT IS!

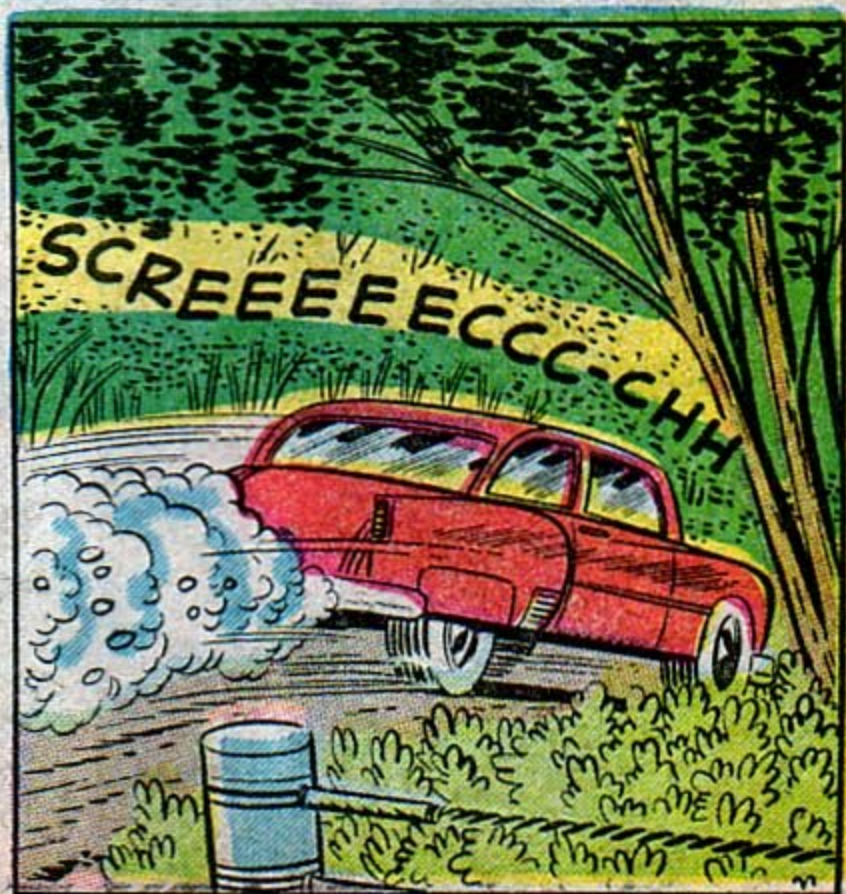


SHUSTER and OSRIN

DUKE LOGAN AND NORM SELLIS WERE THE BEST BANK SPECIALISTS IN THE UNDERWORLD. THIS WAS THEIR LAST JOB ---A JOB WELL WORTH THE EFFORT. TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN CURRENCY HAD BEEN HEISTED FROM THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK. AND NOW THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO EASY STREET.

HEY! I THINK SOMEONE'S COMIN' DOWN THE BEND O' THE ROAD AFTER US! YEAH--! LOOKS LIKE THE BULLS!

HOLD ON. I'LL TRY AND GIVE 'EM THE SLIP. WE'RE ALMOST THERE, ANYWAY!



THE GETAWAY CAR TURNED SHARPLY AND HEADED UP A NARROW DIRT ROAD AT THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, COMPLETELY COVERED BY DENSE WOODS. SECONDS LATER, THE TWO ROBBERS FLED THE VEHICLE--CARRYING THEIR PARAPHRASIA WITH THEM...

AND SECONDS AFTERWARDS, AS THEY RAN ACROSS THE FIELD...

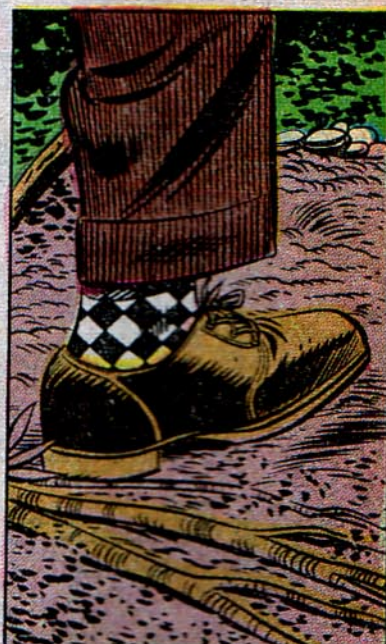
IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT FATE DECIDED TO DEAL WITH THEM, FOR AS NORM SELLIS' FOOT DESCENDED ON A CERTAIN MOUND IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD...

C'MON, LET'S LAM IT BEFORE THOSE SQUAD CARS GET HERE!

MAKE SURE YOU GOT EVERYTHING, DON'T LEAVE NO EVIDENCE LYIN' AROUND!

THERE'S THE CAR! GOOD THING WE PARKED IT HERE. WHEN THE BULLS FIND THE FIRST ONE, THEY'LL THINK WE TRIED MAKIN' IT OFF ON FOOT!

HA, HA... LOOKS LIKE WE PULLED A FAST ONE THIS TIME! THEY'RE PASSIN' RIGHT BY US!



NOW WE TRY TO FIND A WAY OUT! THIS WALL'S TOO SMOOTH! AND THE WELL'S TOO HIGH FER US TO CLIMB OUT! WHO PUTS WELLS OUT HERE, ANYWAY?

STOP ASKIN' NUTTY QUESTIONS! HOW DO I KNOW? WE'RE IN HERE-- THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT. LET'S TRY TO CLIMB OUT!



I'LL STAND ON YOUR SHOULDERS AND LIFT MY WAY OUT! WE'LL BE OUTTA HERE IN SECONDS!

WAIT A MOMENT, SELLIS! THAT'S NOT THE WAY I FIGGERED IT!



I'LL STAND ON YOUR SHOULDERS. THEN ONCE I'M OUT, I'LL THROW DOWN THIS ROPE AND PULL YA OUT!

VERY SHREWD! VERY SMART!



BUT-- NO DICE, KID. I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES! WHAT'S TO STOP YA FROM LEAVIN' ME HERE TO ROT? UH-UH--NO CAN DO!

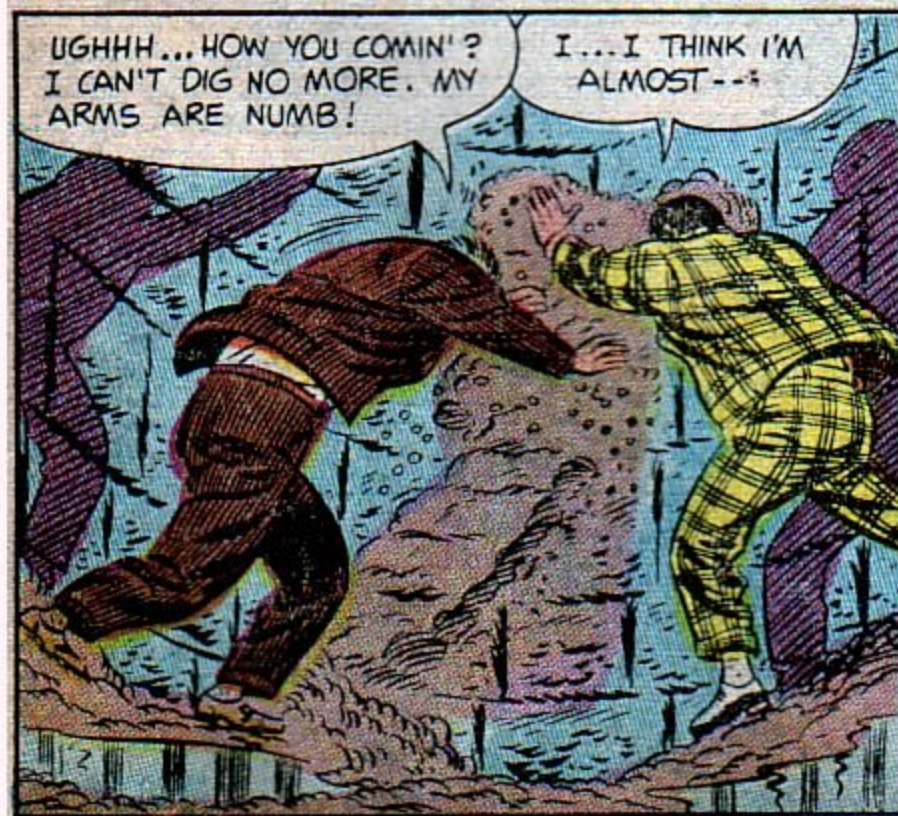
YOU NUTS OR SOMETHING? I TOLD YA BEFORE... WE SHARE AN' SHARE ALIKE!



WE SHARE ALIKE, ALL RIGHT -- BUT I JUST AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES!

OKAY! THEN WE GOTTA THINK O' SOME OTHER WAY O' GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

SO THE TWO MEN WORKED FURIOUSLY INTO THE BLACK OF NIGHT...WITH BUT **ONE** THOUGHT... **ESCAPE!**



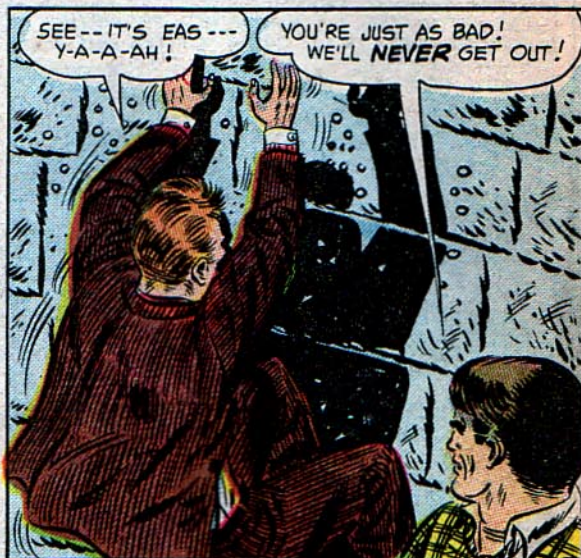
UGH... HOW YOU COMIN'? I CAN'T DIG NO MORE. MY ARMS ARE NUMB!

I... I THINK I'M ALMOST--



AGHG-HHH!

OOOF!



MIDNIGHT CAME-- AND THE STARS WINKED OUTSIDE, COLD AND TEMPTING. BUT INSIDE AN ICE-COLD WELL WERE TWO MEN WHO HAD CHANGED INTO BEASTS OF PREY EYEING EACH OTHER...





NO. JUST REACHIN' FER A CIGARETTE. THAT'S ALL!

I'LL PLUG HIM WHEN HE CLOSES HIS EYES...

I'LL GET HIM WHEN HE FALLS ASLEEP...!

BUT THE TWO HOODS **DIDN'T** SLEEP!...



HE'S NOT GONNA GET ME WHILE I GRAB MY SHUT-EYE. I'LL JUST KEEP MY EYE ON HIM!

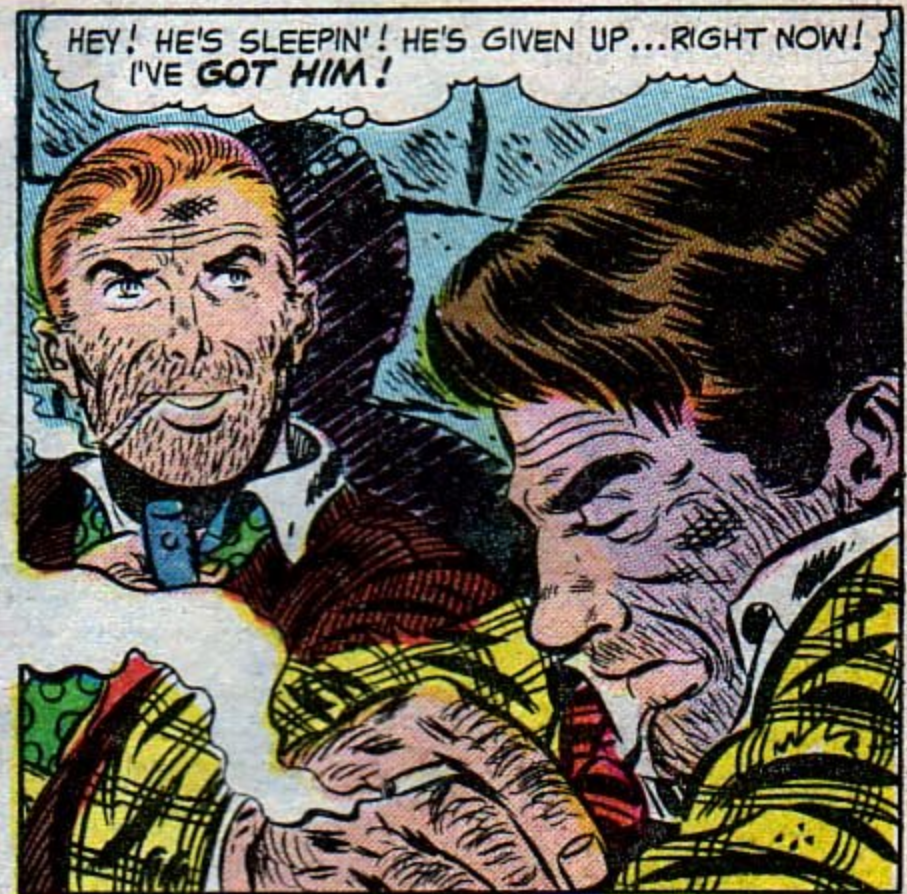
I'LL WAIT 'TILL HE FALLS ASLEEP FIRST. THEN I'LL DO IT!

DAYS WENT BY---AND STILL NO ESCAPE--FOR EACH MAN FELL ASLEEP DURING THE SAME TIME. FATE WATCHED, RELENTLESS--WAITING--WAITING...



I'M STARVING! WATER! ANYTHING! I CAN EAT A HORSE!

SHADDAP! DON'T TALK ABOUT FOOD! I CAN'T STAND TO HEAR IT!



HEY! HE'S SLEEPIN'! HE'S GIVEN UP...RIGHT NOW! I'VE GOT HIM!

STEALTHILY, TAKING OUT A SWITCH-KNIFE, SELLIS CRAWLED OVER TO THE SLEEPING MAN. MUSCLES TENSE, HEART POUNDING, MOUTH WATERING WITH EAGERNESS...



I'LL CUT HIM UP AND EAT HIM! NO USE TRYIN' TO SHOUT! NOBODY'S AROUND HERE, ANYWAY! I'LL EAT HIM AND USE HIS **BONES** TO CLIMB OUT!

BUT AS THE EMACIATED SHADOW OF THE HOOD FELL ON THE SLEEPING MAN...



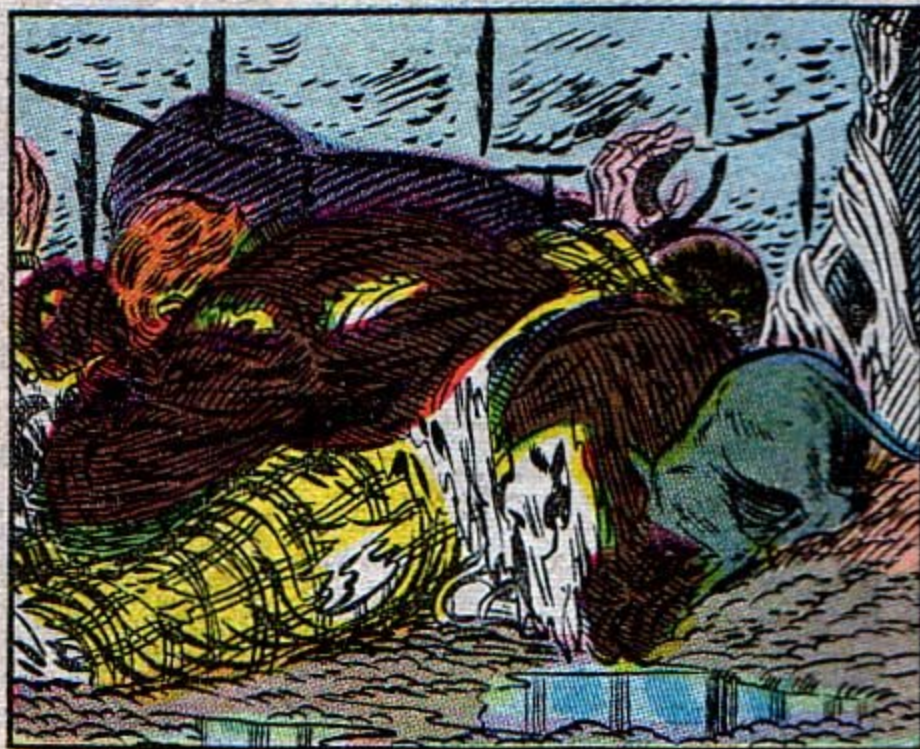
THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, EH? THOUGHT I WAS GONNA BE AN EASY KILL? WELL--NOW I GOT YOU!

UGH--HHH!

THE TWO ANIMALS ROLLED AROUND AND AROUND THE WELL, IN A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH. WHO WOULD TAKE THE MONEY THAT NOW LAY SCATTERED ABOUT SO IRONICALLY?



THEIR BODIES STIFFENED IN RIGOR MORTIS. BACTERIA FROM THE AIR AND SOIL BEGAN TO EAT THEM AWAY. THEIR BONES SLOWLY APPEARED IN THE FABRIC OF THEIR PUTRIFYING FLESH...



THE RAIN POURED INTO THE WELL AND FORMED A POOL OF WATER...



THE WATER ROSE TOWARDS THE TOP. HIGHER--HIGHER..HIGHER...



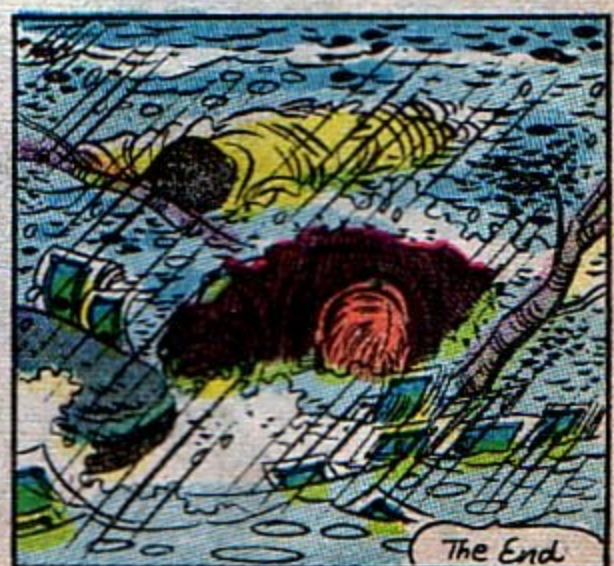
SUDDENLY---DEATH STRUCK!



ONE DAY AFTERWARDS--HIGH UP IN THE HEAVENS---A BLACK CLOUD APPEARED. MOMENTS LATER, A RUMBLING INCREASED TO A FURIOUS ROAR, INTERRUPTED BY BURSTS OF THUNDERBOLTS AND FLASHES OF LIGHTNING--



THEN--AMIDST THE THUNDERING AND THE FLASHING--CAME THE TWO BODIES-- NOW LONG DEAD--FLOATING UP AND OVER THE WELL...FLOATING RIGHT INTO THE FIELD--ESCAPED AT LAST! ESCAPED TOO EASILY-- BUT ESCAPED TOO LATE, FROM THE WELL OF FEAR THAT HAD IMPRISONED THEM THROUGH THEIR-- GREED!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

DEAR READERS... THANKS FOR YOUR HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS TO HELP END OUR 4-PAGE QUIZ, **SURPRISE PACKAGE**, WHICH APPEARED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF "STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES." THE ONE WE SELECTED AS BEST WAS SENT IN BY MARY LOU WACHTEL, 40 OSGOOD, HERFORD, TEXAS. THE \$10 PRIZE IS ON ITS WAY TO YOU, MARY LOU!

MARY LOU WACHTEL'S
SOLUTION TO....

SURPRISE PACKAGE

C-COME BACK, MISTER... **SUICIDE** ISN'T THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEMS!
B-BESIDES... THERE'S A DEADLY PACKAGE IN YOUR COAT POCKET! I PUT
IT THERE MYSELF... A MINIATURE ATOM BOMB THAT'LL BLOW THE
CITY SKY-HIGH WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND!

HUH?



GUSTAV PERRIN HAS STOLEN A DEADLY MINIATURE A-BOMB WHICH IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW THE CITY TO SMITHEREENS. PURSUED BY POLICE, HE HIDES THE PACKAGE IN A STRANGER'S COAT IN ORDER TO ESCAPE DETECTION. THEN HE FOLLOWS THE STRANGER TO THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF A SKYSCRAPER, ARRIVING IN TIME TO SEE THE MAN PLUNGE DOWNWARDS, WITH THE LETHAL SURPRISE PACKAGE!

SORRY, FELLER...
MY MIND'S MADE
UP! THIS IS THE
ANSWER TO ALL
MY PROBLEMS...

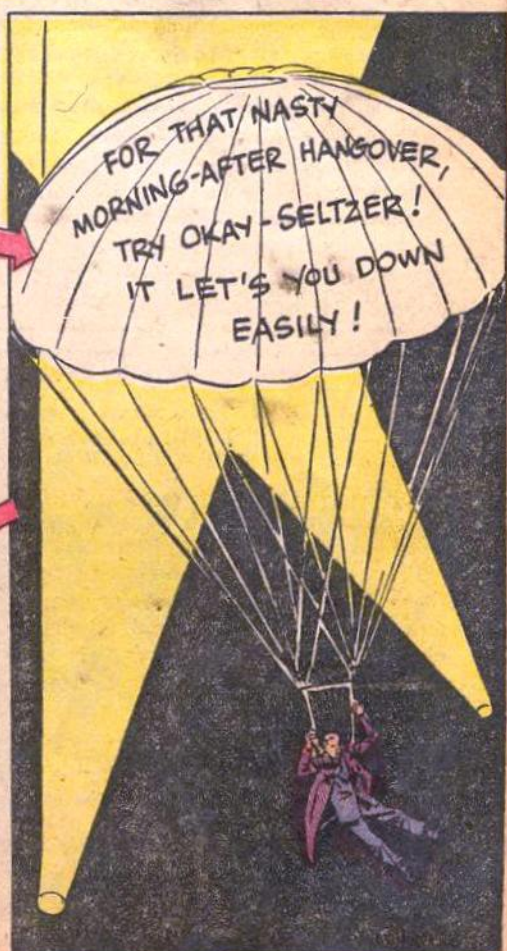
N-NO... **DON'T!** I'M SERIOUS
ABOUT THAT BOMB... I OUGHT
TO KNOW ABOUT IT BECAUSE I
STOLE IT! **C-COME BACK
BEFORE YOU DESTROY US ALL!**



G-GOOD GOD... HE **JUMPED!** WE'RE ALL
DOOMED... THAT BOMB WILL OBLITERATE
THE WHOLE CITY WHEN HE SMASHES INTO
THE SIDEWALK!



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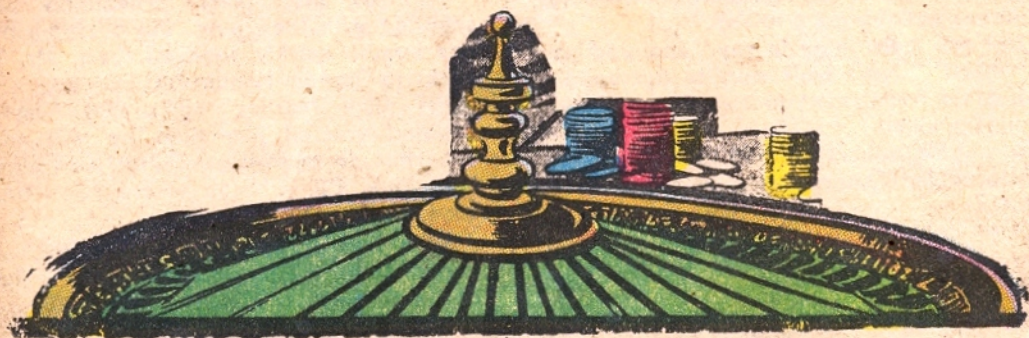


POOR BEFUDDLED GUSTAV PERRIN WAS LED TREMBLING FROM THE OBSERVATION TOWER.

A THOUSAND FEET BELOW, IN THE STREET...



SAM THE SEER



The halls of the Federal Building were crowded with reporters and photographers. And the air was filled with cigar and cigarette smoke. Joe Peterson of the Herald-News was talking to one of his fellow reporters.

"Sam has been in there for more than two hours. I know he will talk. That's what he told me he would do last week. But they won't believe him. Yet, what can they do? Either Sam is the world's greatest liar or he is a miracle man. Go take your choice. He says he can look into the future. Now tell me boys, has he ever made a wrong prediction?"

Seated before the members of the Special Grand Jury was a stout middle-aged man. He was completely bald, and his face was full. Maybe he had a neck, but it wasn't visible. In his youth, Sam Snittleman had been a wrestler. There was something about him that was peculiar, but you just couldn't put your finger on it. Special Prosecutor Wilbert K. Reynolds was talking to the star witness.

"Every time a raid was arranged on any of your gambling establishments, you seemed to have wind about it. Did you bribe any of our men?"

"No," replied Sam Snittleman. "I don't have to bribe anybody to know what is going to happen. I just peep into the future. You want me to tell you something? You and Captain Henderson are planning a raid on my Jefferson Street joint next Wednesday night at 11:30. Don't waste your time and pull the raid. You won't find any evidence in that place."

There was a deadly silence in that room as those words were spoken. One look at the red face of the prosecutor, and you could see the witness had spoken the truth. The Honorable Frank Delaney, chairman of the grand jury, arose from his seat.

"Mr. Snittleman," he began "we have all heard about your so-called ability to foresee the future. Assuming for the moment that such a gift were possible, just why were you chosen to have it?"

The witness looked at the members of the Grand Jury and then sighed. They too, like the others, would refuse to believe him.

"I have told the story hundreds of times," he began. "You must have read it in the papers. I was driving my car more than a hundred miles an hour. It cracked up, and I was thrown out of it. Not a scratch on me. But from that moment on something happened to me. I became a seer. I could peep into the future. So I used my ability to gamble on all events from horse racing to even the stock market. But I like sports, so my money goes on boxing events, baseball and basketball games. I don't have to fix a race. I know what is going to happen. You fellows think I run a lot of gambling places. How can they be gambling places if I can't lose a cent? I haven't cheated my Uncle Sam. Last year I paid income taxes on thirty-million dollars. All income was listed as gains on investments."

The chairman wasn't satisfied with that answer. And then Sam Snittleman smiled. He had something more to say.

"You know why this jury was called? Just to scare my boys into thinking I would talk. But you are all wrong. None of my boys are crooks. They are all nice college boys who work for me. But the rats think I have something on them. Slim Rono is head of the Mid-Western Syndicate. They handle dope. He thinks I know all about him and will talk. So when I leave this place I will be killed. A burst of machine gun fire will finish me and turn me into a corpse. But don't worry. I'll come back and finish off Slim and his gang."

This was too much for the respectable edu-

Strange SUSPENSE STORIES

cated members of the grand jury to take. And the prosecutor could sense the futility of continuing with the witness.

"The session is over, Mr. Snittleman—unless you have anything more to say."

"Just one more thing to say," snapped back the witness. "Don't walk outside the building down Main Street next to me. Otherwise you too will be killed."

The photographers finished taking their pictures. Sam Snittleman didn't mind posing for them.

"Don't take a left side view of my mug," he would tell them. "Doesn't flatter me at all."

He left the building and walked down Main Street. A black sedan started to pull away from the curb. Suddenly Sam Snittleman saw a familiar figure next to him.

"Get away from here," he shouted to the prosecutor. "They are gunning for me."

Too late was that warning uttered. A machine gun blast mowed down the intended victim and the innocent bystander. Women shouted and screamed as the blast of bullets cut loose from that deadly gun. But not one had enough sense to get the number of the license plate on that black sedan.

Captain Donald Henderson of Homicide was a very puzzled man. He had just come from a conference with the federal authorities to work out a plan of cooperation. Nothing was to be spared to get those killers. And now this unexpected visitor was in his office.

"You said you would help us catch the killers and round up the entire mob. But only on your terms. What do you mean by that, Mr. Vision. There is something familiar about you, but I just can't place it. Perhaps with that beard off your face I might recognize you."

"I want to be present with you when you go out on your raids. The four men in that killer car are at present in a cottage on the Sound. They went there for a rest. You can pick them up this evening."

Mike Martins wasn't a very contented killer as he sat in an easy chair and talked to the other three members of his own gang.

"There's something crazy going on," was his comment. "The radio just announced that a stranger went to the police with information about the car. And they just broadcasted a complete description of each of us. They knew the car was stolen and found it in the old warehouse. I wonder if Slim Rono is handing us a double cross?"

Mike Martins never had a chance to get an answer to that question. A loudspeaker outside blasted forth its message.

"Come out with your hands up, or we'll come in and get you. You have two minutes to make up your mind."

Two of the killers immediately started shooting with their guns. But a couple of tear gas bombs quickly subdued them. Mr. Vision spoke to Captain Henderson.

"If Mike Martins thinks that Slim Rono doubled crossed him then he will confess. Take him down to headquarters and play that line. Then I'll tell you where Rono and his boys are located."

With two of his killers out of commission permanently, the one-time boss of the liquidation mob decided to turn state's evidence. He made a complete confession in detail.

"Sure, Slim Rono hired me to kill that crazy guy who is supposed to look into the future. If he was smart, why didn't he figure out he was going to be killed?"

"He did," replied the police officer. "But for some strange reason he walked into death. Maybe it was inevitable. Who knows? Maybe he was trying to save the late Frank Delaney."

Slim Rono was taking a sun bath on his ranch, when one of the boys told him the news.

"The federals and the state boys are blocking off every highway from here."

And then the secretary of the dope king came in with a terrible message.

"Two airplanes will fly overhead. If we try to resist, they will bomb us. I guess we better give up, boss."

The entire mob surrendered and went to trial on various charges. Slim Rono was given the death penalty and died a very bewildered man. Mr. Vision went to see Captain Henderson.

"You aren't Mr. Vision at all," realized the police officer. "You are Sam Snittleman. Either you never were killed or else..."

"I returned from the dead," finished the man. "And I am going back to the land of the dead. All my millions will be used to establish a health foundation to rehabilitate dope fiends in memory of my sister."

And, with those words, he just vanished into space. As the puzzled police officer was trying to collect his wits, Joe Peterson of the Herald-News rushed into the office.

"Know what? They just probated the will of Sam Snittleman. Guess what he did with all his dough."

And an opened-mouthed reporter couldn't believe his ears as he heard the reply from the mouth of the police officer.

"He left all his millions to rehabilitate dope fiends in memory of his sister."

The End

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

CAN A MAN LOVE MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF? PETER NORTH DID, ONLY TO REALIZE THAT ALL HIS EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN. FOR THE EVIL THAT LAY WITHIN HIM DROVE HIM TOWARDS THE DAY WHERE HE WOULD SAY...

THIS BITE IS SWEET!

NO! DON'T COME NEAR ME!
PLEASE---AIEEEEE!!

SCREAMING WILL NOT HELP YOU,
MY DEAR. BUT YOU NEED NOT BE
TERRIFIED! IT WILL HURT---
BUT A MOMENT!



MY NAME IS PETER NORTH. I AM A WRITER OF SOME RENOWN--AND A TRAVELER OF INCESSANT CURIOSITY. LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT ALL BEGAN. I FIRST ARRIVED AT MORREL IN THE PYRENEES DURING THE SUMMER. THE MAYOR GREETED ME...

WELCOME MONSIEUR NORTH. I HOPE YOU WILL FIND YOUR STAY AT OUR VILLAGE A PLEASANT ONE!

I'M SURE I WILL, MONSIEUR LE MAYOR!



BE CAREFUL WITH THAT BOX, YOU OAFS!

PARDON, MONSIEUR. IS IT YOURS?



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

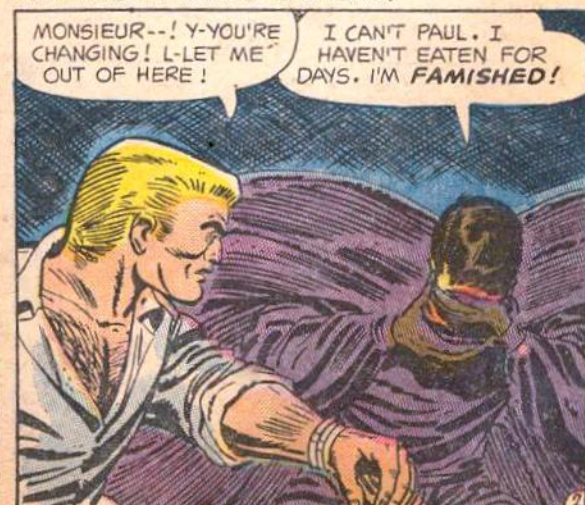


MORREL GREETED ME WITH OPEN ARMS! IT WASN'T OFTEN THAT A FAMOUS WRITER CAME TO VISIT THEM. BUT MY PURPOSE WAS NOT FOR A REST. I HAD TOLD THE MAYOR ONLY **HALF** THE TRUTH. THAT NIGHT, AT MY INN, I MET THE VILLAGERS...



WE WALKED ALONG TOGETHER FOR QUITE A WHILE UNTIL WE CAME TO THE FOREST. THE FULL MOON HAD REACHED ITS PEAK. I STOPPED...

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. YOUNG PAUL WAS TOO TEMPTING. A MORSEL TO IGNORE!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE, TO POUND HIS IRON-LIKE FIST AT ME. BUT OF COURSE, I WAS MUCH STRONGER. IT ISN'T EASY FOR ANY MORTAL TO BEST A---**VAMPIRE!**

AIEEEEE!

WARM, SWEET BLOOD, PAUL. IT HEARTENS ME GREATLY! THANK YOU!



THE BOX WAS MY COFFIN, YOU SEE. SO MY STORY TO THE MAYOR HAD NOT BEEN A LIE! I COLLECTED BLOOD! THAT NEXT AFTER NOON, I MET THE EXCITED MAYOR IN THE SALON OF THE INN...

PAUL HAS BEEN HORRIBLY KILLED, MONSIEUR NORTH. YOU WERE WITH HIM LAST! CAN YOU TELL ME THE CIRCUMSTANCES?

INDEED NOT, SIR! I LEFT HIM IMMEDIATELY. HOW COULD SUCH A YOUNG GIANT HAVE BEEN OVERPOWERED AND KILLED?



THAT IS WHAT PUZZLES ME ALSO. AND THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN FREED OF GUILT. **NO ONE OF YOUR SLENDER BUILD COULD HAVE KILLED HIM.** OH--I WANT YOU TO MEET MY DAUGHTER, MONIQUE.

CHARMED!



I KNEW... PAUL... VERY WELL. HIS NECK WAS --- UGH--- I CANNOT TALK ABOUT IT!

PLEASE DON'T CRY MY DEAR. A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU NEEDS PLENTY OF LAUGHTER AND GAITY!



AND DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, I SAW TO IT THAT MONIQUE AND I DID **EXACTLY** THAT!



CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, VAMPIRES ARE LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE. THAT IS, THEY CAN GO OUT DURING THE DAYTIME. BUT OF COURSE, THEY **DO** HAVE ABNORMAL APPETITES. AND **MINE** WAS GROWING AGAIN...

PARDON ME, OLD MAN. CAN YOU TELL ME THE ROAD TO MORREL? I SEEM TO BE LOST!

IT IS NOT FAR FROM HERE. I WILL TELL YOU!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

NATURALLY, IT WAS ALL A RUSE, ACTUALLY ALL I WANTED WAS ANOTHER MEAL...



YOU GO THREE KILOMETERS TOWARDS RUE CAMPLAIN, AND THEN...YOU...YOU...

YES? GO ON. SOMETHING WRONG, OLD MAN?

THE TASTE OF HIS BLOOD FILLED ME WITH ECSTASY SUPREME! I WENT HOME, MY JOY BUBBLING OVER! THAT NEXT MORNING, OVER THE BREAKFAST TABLE...



I JUST HEARD THE NEWS! THIS IS TERRIBLE! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

IT WAS MY GRANDPÈRE, PETER. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I--LOVED HIM SO!

NEVERTHELESS, I HAD TO KEEP UP A PRETENSE. I ORGANIZED A SEARCH TO CAPTURE THE MURDERER OF THOSE INNOCENTS. AND THE SIMPLE VILLAGERS FELL FOR MY PLAN COMPLETELY...



WE MUST FIND THIS MAN, MY FRIENDS. HE IS PROBABLY HIDING IN THE FOREST!

HE WILL HANG ONCE WE CATCH HIM!



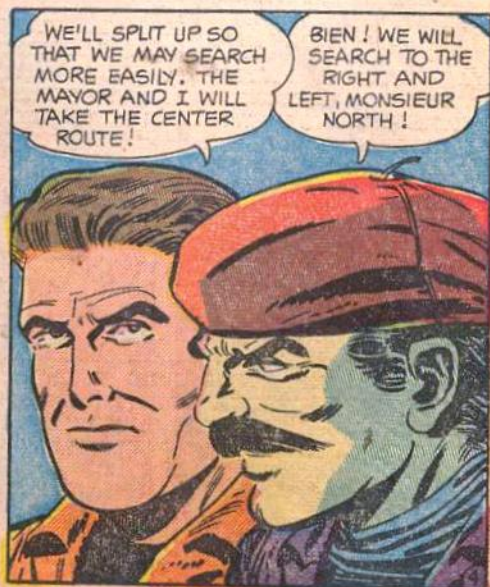
MONSIEUR! YOUR HANDS! Y-A-A-A-A-A!

HA, HA, HA...

I MANAGED TO EXCUSE MYSELF AND WENT TO MY ROOM. THERE, STUNNED AND DAZED, I COULDN'T ADMIT TO MYSELF THE **MISTAKE** I HAD MADE! BUT THE FACTS WERE **NOT** TO BE DENIED. THAT DELICIOUS BLOOD RAN IN HER FAMILY. AND I **LOVED** MONIQUE...



I DON'T WANT TO KILL HER AS WELL, BUT MY DESIRE FOR THAT TYPE OF BLOOD LEAVES ME WEAK!



WE'LL SPLIT UP SO THAT WE MAY SEARCH MORE EASILY. THE MAYOR AND I WILL TAKE THE CENTER ROUTE!

BIEN! WE WILL SEARCH TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT, MONSIEUR NORTH!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK THERE, MONSIEUR LE MAYOR! QUICKLY!

EH? WHERE?

I'M AFRAID YOU MISSED HIM! HE WAS A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR YOU!

NONSENSE! I THINK I SEE SOMETHING--!

IT IS ONLY YOUR IMAGINATION, MAYOR. TURN AROUND AND YOU SHALL **REALLY** SEE HIM! HA, HA!

AIIIIIEEEEE!

I ATTENDED TO MY BUSINESS QUICKLY. THEN, WITHOUT WASTING TIME, I SLASHED MY FACE WITH MY OWN CLAWS, TORE MY CLOTHES SUFFICIENTLY--AND RAN BACK TOWARDS THE VILLAGERS!

HELP! HELP! THE MAYOR HAS BEEN KILLED BY A VAMPIRE! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! I BARELY ESCAPED DEATH MYSELF! HURRY!

IT IS MONSIEUR NORTH! SACRE BLEU! WE MUST FIND THE CREATURE!

SO THAT VERY NEXT NIGHT, I STALKED A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE--TO BLOT OUT THE TEMPTATION OF KILLING MONIQUE...

THEY DIDN'T FIND THE VAMPIRE, OF COURSE. AND AFTERWARDS, IN MY ROOM, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY OVER MY RUSE. BUT I WASN'T! MONIQUE NOW WAS THE ONLY ONE LEFT WITH THAT PRECIOUS, DELICIOUS BLOOD, AND SHE MEANT MORE TO ME THAN LIFE ITSELF!

NO! I'D RATHER KILL MYSELF FIRST! I'LL FIND ANOTHER VICTIM! THAT'S IT!

EEEEEEEE!

DON'T BE ALARMED, MY CHILD. IT WILL HURT BUT A MOMENT!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

BUT MY BURNING THIRST FOR MONIQUE'S BLOOD STILL CONTINUED UNABATED! THEN ONE NIGHT, WHILE STILL IN MY VAMPIRE'S FORM IN MY ROOM, ONE OF THE INN'S PORTERS OPENED THE DOOR, CATCHING ME BY SURPRISE...



WHAT IS IT, YOU WANT?

BEG PARDON, MONSIEUR. BUT MONIQUE IS DOWNSTAIRS! SHE GAVE ME THIS NOTE!

I WONDERED IF HE SAW MY APPEARANCE...



YOU MAY LEAVE NOW!

Y-YES...

I SAW THE FRIGHT IN THE MAN'S EYES. HE HAD SEEN ME AFTER ALL. I THOUGHT OF MONIQUE---OF OUR LOVE. I OPENED HER NOTE TO READ...



"DARLING--TAKE ME AWAY FROM MORREL. I LOVE YOU. WE CAN BE MARRIED AND TOGETHER FOREVER. I WAIT FOR YOUR ANSWER, MONIQUE!"

SWEET MONIQUE! I SHALL NEVER HARM YOU!

SUDDENLY--I KNEW WHAT TO DO! ALREADY, THE MAN WOULD BE SUMMONING HIS FELLOWS. MONIQUE WAITED DOWN BELOW. I OPENED THE WINDOW INSTANTLY...

I EXERTED EVERY OUNCE OF WILL-POWER TO HYPNOTIZE HER. FOR MONIQUE WOULD NEVER DO THIS OF HER OWN FREE-WILL. I HEARD THE DOOR OPEN...



I'VE CAUGHT THE VAMPIRE, MONIQUE. COME UP HERE QUICKLY! TAKE A LARGE WOODEN STAKE FROM THE STOVE AND DRIVE IT INTO THE CREATURE THAT LIES INSIDE THE COFFIN!

Y-YES...



COME QUICKLY, MONIQUE! YOU MUST PLUNGE IT DOWN AS HARD AS YOU CAN!

YES...



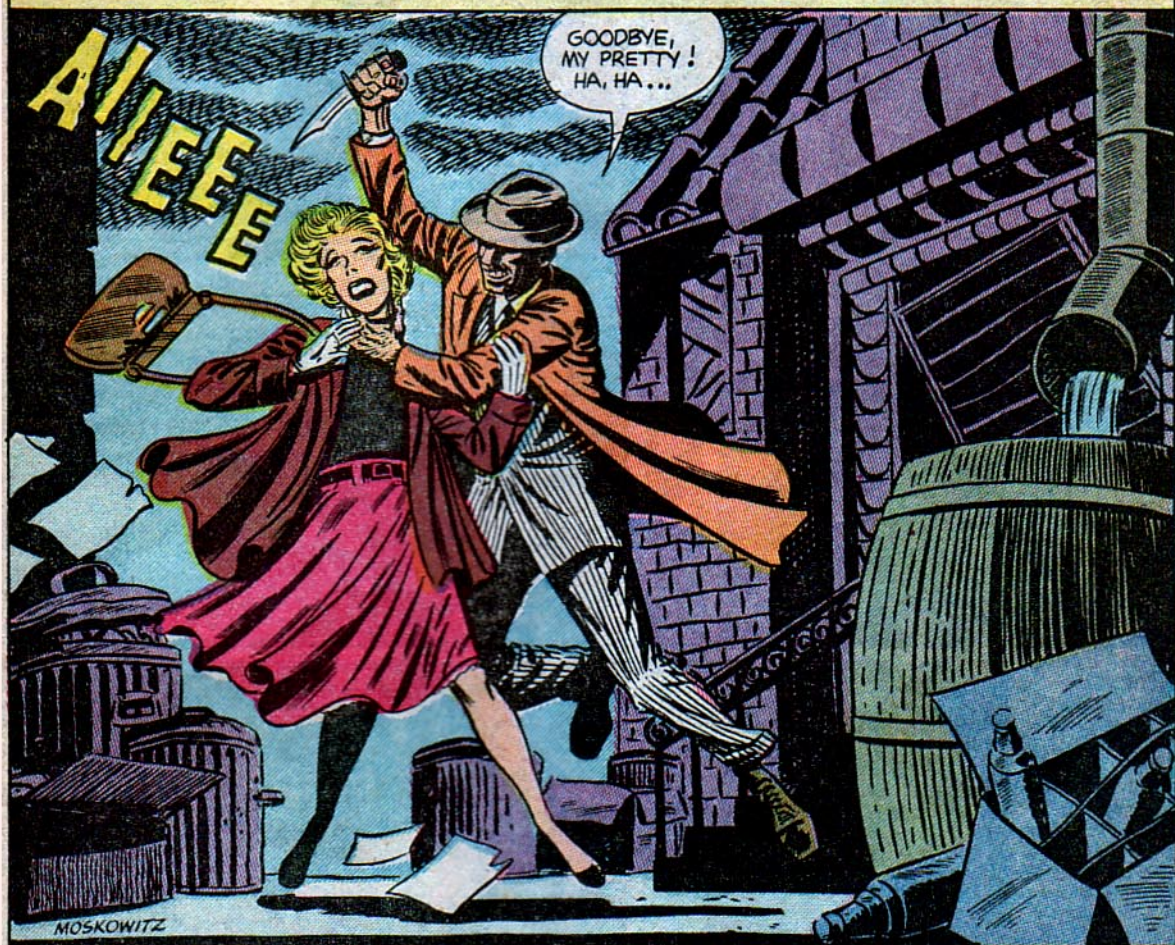
MONIQUE--I SHALL LOVE YOU--ALWAYS!

I HAD DECIDED TO DIE, YOU SEE. FOR SOONER OR LATER, I WOULD HAVE KILLED MONIQUE ONCE WE ESCAPED. AND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE THAN DEATH! THE STAKE IS COMING DOWN NOW. SOMEDAY--SHE WILL UNDERSTAND. SOMEDAY--SHE WILL PITY ME!

THE END!

IT WASN'T EASY FOLLOWING A WRAITH THAT LEFT MURDER IN ITS WAKE, BUT WHAT MADE IT TWICE AS HARD WAS THE WAY IT LEFT TANTALIZING CLUES FOR DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT BAIRD TO TRACE---ONLY TO VANISH IN THIN AIR, BUT SOONER OR LATER IT HAD TO BE CAUGHT---AND WHEN IT WAS---IT WOULD LEAVE---

THE **MARK** OF THE **RIPPER!**



THIS WAS THE RIPPER--A MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM THAT STRUCK IN THE DARK OF NIGHT AND LEFT TERROR AND TRAGEDY BEHIND! WHO IT WAS---WHERE IT CAME FROM--WHY IT KILLED--WAS A MYSTERY!



OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE RIPPER HAD COME--
TO STRIKE! THE POLICE COULD ONLY PATIENT-
LY SIFT OUT ALL THE CLUES--AND WAIT...

THE FOURTH KILLING
THIS WEEK! THIS
MANIAC HAS TO BE
FOUND!

I'M DOING WHAT
I CAN, CHIEF!



THAT'S NOT
ENOUGH. WE'RE
NO CLOSER THAN
WE WERE IN THE
BEGINNING!

THE CLUES ARE MOUNTING UP, CHIEF. THIS PAR-
TICLE OF HAIR UNDERNEATH THE DEAD GIRL'S
FINGERNAILS SHOULD TELL US SOMETHING
UNDER LAB ANALYSIS!



I HOPE SO, THERE'S
NO STOPPING THIS
KILLER!

THERE'S **ALWAYS** A WAY, CHIEF. SOONER
OR LATER -- WE'LL FIND HIM! SOONER OR
LATER WE'LL GET THIS BUTCHER FOR **GOOD**!

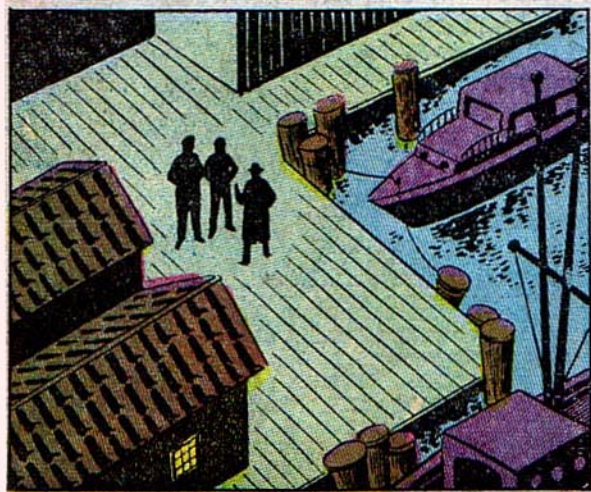


So,
DETECTIVE
LIEUTENANT
BAIRD
BEGAN A
BAR-TO-BAR
SURVEY OF
TAVERNS THAT
WERE POS-
SIBLE SOURCES
FOR THE
RIPPER'S
WHEREABOUTS...



THAT FAILING, HE TRIED TENEMENT HOUSES, STORES,
WATERFRONT HANGOUTS ---

UNTIL ONE NIGHT--HE UNCOVERED THE STRONGEST CLUE
IN THE CASE!



--A SERIES OF FOOT-
PRINTS--THE SAME
LEFT AT THE SCENE
OF THE CRIME!



SUDDENLY---!

EEEEEE!



THE
RIPPER!

HELP!
HELP ME--
PLEASE!



URGH!

THAT'S THE
END OF
YOU!



BUT
HOURS
LATER
AT
POLICE
HEAD-
QUARTERS..

IT'S UNSBELIEVABLE, BAIRD -- BUT
WE DON'T HAVE THE RIPPER. HE
HAS ALIBIS FOR EVERY
MURDER INCIDENT!



THEN I'LL KEEP ON
LOOKING TILL I
FIND HIM!



THIS TIME, HOWEVER, BAIRD HAD COMPANY ---!

SOMEONE'S BEHIND ME!
I'LL PRETEND I HAVEN'T
SPOTTED HIM!



HE'S FOLLOWED ME TO MY DOOR!--PROBABLY
THINKS I HAVEN'T HEARD HIM. ALL RIGHT---
I'LL PLAY ALONG ---



AND LEAVING THE DOOR AJAR,
BAIRD WAITED TENSELY...

THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT
HIM AT LAST...RIGHT
IN MY OWN HOUSE!

LIKE A SAVAGE TIGER, BAIRD SPRANG!

I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR THIS A LONG
TIME, RIPPER!

UGHH!!
..LET GO!

NOT TILL I CHOKE
YOUR LIFE OUT
OF YOU! YOUR KILL-
ING DAYS ARE OVER!

THEN, AS HE FLICKED ON THE
LIGHTS...

SUDDENLY---THERE CAME INSANE, MOCKING LAUGHTER...

--THE CHIEF!
HE MUST HAVE
FOLLOWED ME
HERE--! BUT
WHY--? HE'S
NOT THE RIPPER
AT ALL!

HE'S HERE!
I KNOW HE'S
HERE! I CAN
HEAR HIM LAUGH-
ING! WHERE ARE
YOU, RIPPER?

HA HA HA

HA, HA, HA, HA...
THE RIPPER!

AND THEN -- BAIRD SAW THE FACE IN THE MIRROR -- A FACE FROM WHICH
SPITTLE DROOLED -- HIGHLIGHTING THE STARK INSANITY THAT HAD SLUM-
BERED SO LONG -- A FACE WHICH LOOKED TO HIS LAST REMAINING SECONDS
OF SANITY --- AS --- **HIS OWN!**

THE END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

IN 1860, WHEN YOUNG DR. HURTT JOINED THE STAFF OF THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, AN ANATOMY INSTRUCTOR'S POPULARITY DEPEND-ED UPON HIS SUPPLY OF FRESH CADAVERS FOR CLASSROOM SURGERY. THAT WAS WHY SUCCESS-HUNGRY DR. HURTT TURNED THE TASK OF PROCURING CORPSES OVER TO HIS OMINOUS **RECRUITING AGENTS** WITH THE PROVISIO THAT THERE'D BE...

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

H-HOW DARE YOU ASK SUCH AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION AS TO HOW HEALTHY I AM? I'M IN TIP-TOP SHAPE...NOT THAT IT'S ANY BUSINESS OF **YOURS**, STRANGER!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW INTERESTED I AM, GUV'NOR!



WITHIN A MONTH AFTER JOINING THE FACULTY AT THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, DR. HURTT WAS THE TALK OF THE SCHOOL...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HURTT GETS 'EM ALL... BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A FRESH CADAVER FOR US TO DISSECT AND STUDY!

I SPOKE TO THE DEAN YESTERDAY ABOUT TRANSFERRING **ALL** MY CREDITS HERE... HE SAID THERE'S A WAIT-ING LIST A MILE LONG!



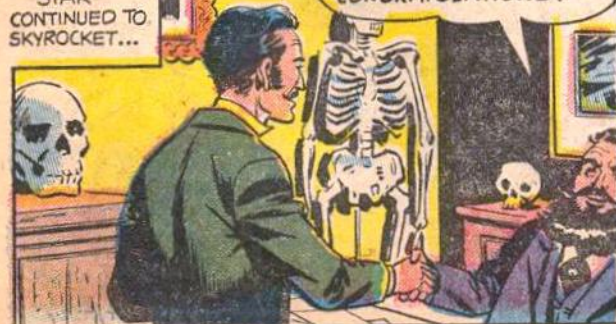
...AND THE DEMAND TO ATTEND THESE LECTURES OF MINE IS SO GREAT THAT I'VE BEEN ASKED TO MOVE MY ANATOMY DEMONSTRATIONS OUT OF THE CLASSROOM INTO THE AMPHITHEATRE. NOW...SHALL WE GET TO WORK ON THIS FRESH CORPSE? AH...I SEE YOU ARE ALL ANXIOUS TO START!



THE MONTHS PASSED AND, AS MORE PUPILS FLOCKED TO HIS LECTURES, DR. HURTT'S STAR CONTINUED TO SKYROCKET...

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, DEAN CRAVEN! IT REALLY ISN'T DESERVED!

NONSENSE, DR. HURTT! THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR AN INSTRUCTOR WHO KEEPS THE STUDENTS' INTEREST BUOYED UP IS TO PROMOTE HIM TO ASSO-CIATE PROFESSOR! **CONGRATULATIONS!**



BUT THE YOUNG PROFESSOR'S TRIUMPH WAS SHORT-LIVED. FOR, A MOMENT LATER, IN HIS OFFICE...

B-BUT YOU **MUST** ALLOW ME MORE TIME TO RAISE THE MONEY, MARTIN! I... I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO...

ONE MORE MONTH, JACK HURTT...THEN I GO TO THE AUTHORITIES! **ONE MORE MONTH...** NOT A MINUTE MORE!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



HIS BRAIN A WHIRL OF PLANS TO ATTEND TO MARTIN, DR. HURTT STARTED FOR HOME, WHEN...



THE DOCTOR'S AGENTS **DID** GO TO WORK IMMEDIATELY...ON SEVERAL PINTS OF DARK ALE AND BITTERS...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE FOG-SHROUDED BACK STREETS...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, LOU... BEFORE I ...**AGHHH!!**



A MONTH PASSED AND, WHILE THE OTHER SURGEONS WONDERED ABOUT THE SOURCE OF DR. HURTT'S CORPSES, HIS REPUTATION CONTINUED TO BOOM. THEN...

AND I'VE NOMINATED YOU FOR THE POST OF ASSISTANT DEAN, HURTT! THE ROYAL INSPECTORS WILL BE HERE TOMORROW TO WATCH A DISSECTION DEMONSTRATION...PASS IT AND YOU'RE **IN!**



EXCUSING HIMSELF HURRIEDLY, DR. HURTT RACES ACROSS TOWN TO...

LOOK WHO'S HERE, JOE ...IT'S THE GUV'NOR HISSSELF!

QUICK...I MUST SPEAK TO YOU... PUFFS...IN SECRET. I VISITED HALF THE PUBS IN LONDON BEFORE I FOUND **THIS HOLE! HURRY!**



FARNUM...DAILEY...YOU UNDERSTAND ME? IT'S **DESPERATE!** A CORPSE MUST BE DELIVERED TO MY LABORATORY BY MIDNIGHT SO I CAN PREPARE IT FOR TOMORROW'S DEMONSTRATION! I DON'T CARE **WHERE** YOU GET IT!

AN EMERGENCY, EH? I THINK IT'S WORTH **DOUBLE PRICE....** DON'T YOU?



REMEMBER...I MUST HAVE THAT CADAVER ON MY LAB TABLE BY MIDNIGHT! AND I ASK NO QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE THE BODY COMES FROM...OR WHO IT IS! HERE...YOU'RE BOTH RUTHLESS THIEVES!

WORSE, GUV'NOR... HEH HEH... **WORSE!**



SATISFIED THAT HIS AGENTS WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIS GROTESQUE DELIVERY, DR. HURTT HURRIED BACK TO HIS OFFICE, WHERE...

M-MARTIN ...WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'VE COME FOR MY MONEY...EITHER PAY ME OR I GO STRAIGHT TO THE AUTHORITIES! IT'S DUE TONIGHT...I WANT NO MORE SHILLY-SHALLYING!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

I—I DON'T HAVE IT, MARTIN! BUT TO-MORROW!

NOT ANOTHER SECOND, JACK HURTT! WHEN I FORGED THOSE PAPERS FOR YOU, YOU PROMISED TO PAY ME WITHIN SIX MONTHS...NOW YOU'RE TEN WEEKS OVERDUE AND STILL STALLING!

THIS WILL BE QUITE A SURPRISE TO THE AUTHORITIES...THE PROMISING JACK HURTT ISN'T A DOCTOR AT ALL! JUST A HUM-BUG WITH FORGED DOCUMENTS...A FAKE...A PHONEY...AN IMPOSTOR! I'M GOING RIGHT DOWN TO THE YARD AND DO A LITTLE WHISPERING IN THE RIGHT EAR!

ALMOST MIDNIGHT...THE STREETS COMPLETELY DESERTED! OVER HERE, FAR FROM THE SCHOOL, IS THE BEST PLACE TO STRIKE! I RID MYSELF OF A MORTAL ENEMY...AND MY LABORATORY WILL HAVE TWO FRESH CORPSES FOR THE DEMONSTRATION TOMORROW MORNING!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN A REEKING ALLEY CLOSE BY...

TIME WE WENT TO WORK FOR THE GUV'NOR, EH? NOT MUCH TIME LEFT, AND HE SAID MIDNIGHT...

SHHH! HERE COMES OUR NEXT PATIENT RIGHT NOW!



WHILE FARNUM AND DAILEY WAIT TO PONCE UPON THEIR VICTIM...

TWO CADAVERS FOR TOMORROW'S DEMONSTRATION...IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THING IN THE HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE! NOW... NOW... BROTHER, WHAT A PLEASURE!



AIEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!



THAT SAVAGE KNIFE-THRUST...DID IT MEAN THE END OF MARTIN? WAS DR. HURTT RIGHT ABOUT THE PRESENCE OF TWO CORPSES ON HIS LABORATORY TABLE? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE CONCLUSION OF THIS STORY TO ALFRED V. FAGO, 1472 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y., THE BEST SYNOPSIS WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF **STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES**, WITH FULL CREDIT TO THE WINNER...PLUS \$10 IN CASH!

Reader's Digest PIMPLES

Reports Good News
for all sufferers from

ACNE, TEEN-AGE PIMPLES
SURFACE SKIN BLEMISHES
and IRRITATIONS!

AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES

Actual clinical tests conducted by leading doctors have proven that an amazing, new-type medication helps clear up acne blemishes while it covers and hides embarrassing pimples! In the many cases tested by the doctors, there were a mixture of men, women and children, White and Negro. Some with recent pimple eruptions and others with acne troubles of many years. The results were:

**100% SATISFACTORY
IN CLINICAL TESTS**

*45% were COMPLETELY CLEARED!
38% were DECIDEDLY IMPROVED!
17% were IMPROVED!

NOW Same Type Medication Used
in Clinical Tests Reported in
Reader's Digest is Available To You

**GUARANTEED
TO HELP YOUR
SKIN LOOK
LOVELIER AND
MORE ATTRACTIVE
IN A FEW
MINUTES
OR DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Leading
SKIN
SPECIALISTS
RECOMMEND THIS
DOUBLE TREATMENT

Physicians prescribe two ways to help control skin eruptions. First—clean the skin and clear the pores of clogging dirt. Second—inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

The clinically-proven ingredients in the scientifically tested formula of Scope Products have been compounded to help overcome these external causes of pimples and irritations. Actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that skin specialists often associate with acne!

**SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT
TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY
PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION
TROUBLE AND MAKE IT
MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP!**

**DELAY MAY BE HARMFUL—
Send for Scope Medicated Skin treatment
with its special "cover-up" action!
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!**

DON'T LET UGLY BLACKHEADS BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY

If you want help in getting rid of those ugly Blackheads, you need SCOPE'S Amazing DOUBLE ACTION Skin Formula. See how fast and easy it aids in clearing the skin of those unsightly blackheads. It loosens those pore-clogging impurities and softens the hard deposits underneath and around the blackhead, making their removal simple and effective. Scope Medicated Cream, with its successfully tested ingredients, instantly and completely covers up all skin irritations, leaving your skin clearer, smoother, and more attractive looking.

TEEN-AGERS and GROWN-UPS REGAIN NEW POPULARITY

People of all ages have discovered a new-found joy with a clearer lovelier looking skin! If you've been hoping to improve your complexion to increase your popularity with the opposite sex

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

Thousands like yourself today enjoy the wonderful skin beauty that would normally be theirs—thanks to Scope. Scope Medicated Skin Formula is made in special tones to match your skin—and almost like magic hides those unsightly externally caused blemishes while the medication is acting. Just a few minutes a day may help you toward the complexion that's lovable to kiss and touch!

HIDES PIMPLES ON LIGHT, AVERAGE & DARK COMPLEXIONS!

To help people of all complexions quickly conceal their externally caused blemishes—Scope Medicated Skin Formulas come in special tones. No matter how many other treatments or old-fashioned preparations have disappointed you—here is a

product that guarantees to improve your appearance or double your money back! Scope Medicated Skin Formula is GREASELESS, FAST-DRYING and STAINLESS! Make-up can easily be applied over it.

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, return the unused portion and we will promptly send you double the purchase price! You have nothing to lose but worrying over your bad complexion. **WE TAKE ALL THE RISK!**

SEND NO MONEY

You fill out the coupon and by return mail we will immediately ship you the Scope Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope Treatment in a plain package. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the unused portion for refund of DOUBLE your purchase price.

Mail FREE TRIAL Coupon TODAY!

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-3 ACT
1 Orchard St., New York 2, N.Y. NOW!
Please send me on a 10-Day Trial the Scope Medicated Skin Treatment. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, I may return the unused portion for double my purchase price back.

Check ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark Complexion

Name _____

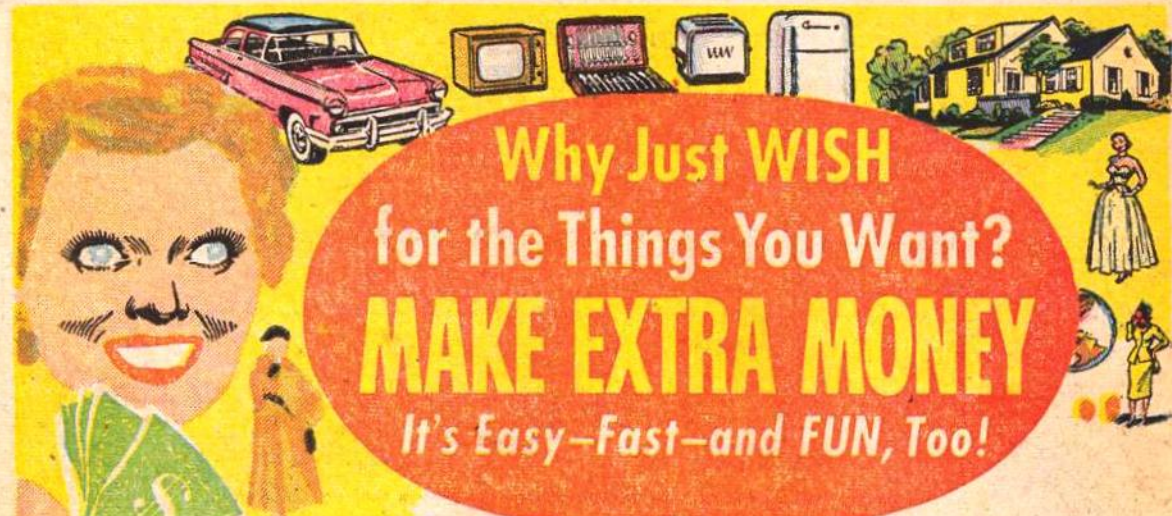
Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ SAVE MONEY Enclose \$2 now and we pay postage. Same double your money back either way you order.

APD, FPO, Canada and Foreign no COD's

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-3 1 Orchard St., New York 2, N.Y.



Why Just WISH for the Things You Want? MAKE EXTRA MONEY

It's Easy-Fast-and FUN, Too!

Use Your Spare Time Pleasantly To Make \$50.00, \$100.00
or More Showing These Exclusive Big-Value

Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. Among this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here... the sensational, big-value 21 card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the gay and clever Merry Christmas Comics Assortment. They sell for only \$1.00 each and you make up to 50c profit on each box!

Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience... and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Golden Parchment, the delightful Christmas Velvet, exquisite Scripture-Text Religious Assortment, beloved Currier and Ives scenes... Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of exquisite Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Napkins and many novelty Gift items! They all spell Extra Money for you!

SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

—Raise money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of fund-raising plan and actual sample assortment on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. S-123
NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples. **SEND NO MONEY**

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. S-123
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

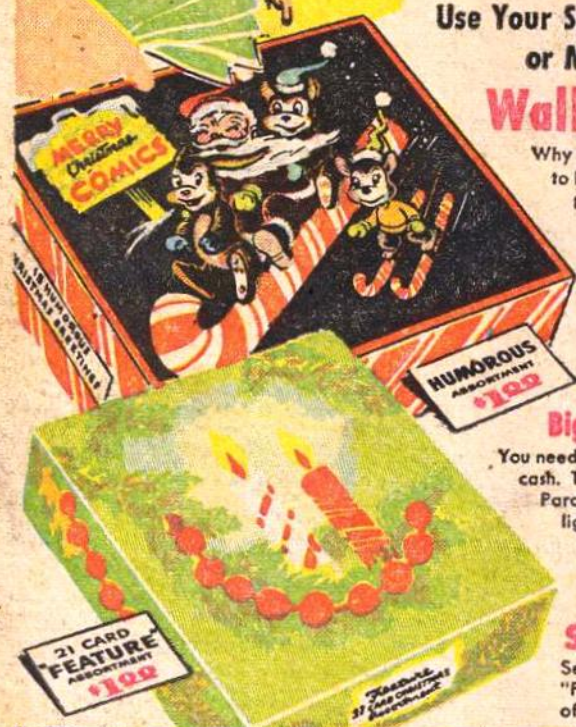
Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, Free Samples of Special Value "Personals" and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown big-profit line.

Name

Address

City & Zone State

☐ Check here for Organization Plan



Popular Priced PERSONALS too!

**ACTUAL SAMPLES
FREE!**



Make even more money! Nothing else like them anywhere—four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards... distinctive styling, low prices... for every purse and taste... Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier and Ives... exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-toned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. They sell on sight! WE DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS AND WE PAY POSTAGE. Coupon brings you Actual Samples FREE.

Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100
as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon



90 lb. Skeleton

He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST By GEORGE F. JOWETT



HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT



GET ALL 5 FREE



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-49

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses available in World for Building All Around HE-MAN" R. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. I will all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

HELLO, BOB - HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **CASH!** OR **PREMIUMS!**



LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Yesiree, a real, live Pony for your very own. Just send for BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.



ACT NOW!

Mail coupon.

Boys and Girls Wrist Watches. Mail coupon.

BE FIRST

Bluebird Clocks, Roasters, Blankets, Mail coupon!



WHAT SAM TOLD THEM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, WE GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!



FINE! I'LL TAKE 2 BOXES, SAM-



THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! IT'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!

ACT FAST! Swim Masks, Flashlights, Cameras, Dresser Sets, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles, Bibles.



MAIL COUPON NOW!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bill-folds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players, Roller Skates, Telescopes.



Blankets, Bibles, Skates, Dolls, Mail coupon. **ACT NOW!**



MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. C99, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! **MAIL**